

Star

AN OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE

TORONTO, CANADA, MARCH 31ST, 1893

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Salvation Army Canada

THE SEPULCHRE.

He is not now the lifeless stone,
Nor only Lord is risen and gone;
He is the lifeless stone in death,
The thought of Him who late lay here,
It will today, to help tears,
And holy hours, Christ rises appears.

There was a defeat. Nay more, it was
salvation: the man was scattered
his own home. The blind who had
lost his sight, the deaf whose ears had
opened, the dumb that spake, and
the maimed, the sick and the
weak who had received strength and
power, all remained to testify of
the Great Healer. The crowds
hung breathless on the utterances
of that spake as never man spake, all
there still pondering on the words of
truth that fell as sparkling
from his lips. The wonder-working
power of the wondrous
cross, was dead—a
factor, and buried only
the clasp of one who
had been attracted by His
power. The man who had seen
the spake and quailed
before at the strange
power; who had heard
and voice and seen
His head and die,
at a moment when all
had seemed to re-
fresh and horror;
and time being had
been stricken and dis-
abled his true, but the
and risen and run its
again, and the face
had resumed its
smile, and the city,
a sigh of relief, had
had its wretched life,
the great Teacher and
had King was laid to
rest in the tomb. Such
the general feeling on
hand. But what
these more immedi-
ately concerned?—the dis-
cussion He had at
one ended with such
the twelve who
at some day upon
were joining the tribes
and, one had gone to
in sleep, but eleven
remained true almost
blind, but they had
Heard. The mother,
the that had had so many strange and
wonderings in her heart, that had re-
ceived the angel's message, that knew the
name of His birth, that had called His
Jesus because He came to save, that
believed and waited and suffered and
for the thirty-three years of His toil,
had loved Him as a son and yet
had loved in Him as her Lord, and who had
loved in Him as her Lord, who had de-
scribed the anguish of that heart, and told
of the sorrow that pierced her as
yet. Yes, indeed it was a defeat, and
the blind, scattered and dejected, had
had themselves hither and thither
in the city.

And thus in a moment was it that out
of an agony of grief and dejection, in the mo-
ment of the darkest, deepest despair the
glorious news is heralded again to earth by
the same choir that had before proclaimed
His birth. "The Lord is risen as He
said." This is indeed the anthem of the
free. This Lord who was dead and is alive
again, who has burst the bars of death and
the grave, and risen with healing in His
wings, leading captivity captive, this same
Jesus is our God forever and ever, and
shall be the guide of His people through
the grave and gate of death into a glorious
resurrection. Defeat and death are swal-
lowed up in victory.

Who shall tell of the sudden joy that
welled up in those hearts as they heard
the glorious news? what what eager steps
would they hasten to tell the rest of the
little company that the Lord was risen
indeed; all the dark disappointment, all
the seeming defeat, all the doubtings and
questionings were gone and nothing re-
mained but the fulness of the assurance
that He who had died upon the tree was
alive again for ever more.

It has been said that this is a world in
which men must sometimes be sad who
love God and their fellow-men, and we are
quite sure that many comrades who read
these pages will find in their own experi-
ence the truth of the saying. In this our
day men and women who love God can-
not but be sad at times when they see on
every hand how His name is slighted, His
commande disregarded and His promises
spurned; and those who love their fellow-
men must grieve over the reckless folly
with which men hurry to destruction, and

There were two, weeping women came—rebuke
them not this more.
The grateful heart will hover near, though all
should laugh to scorn.

They stop, the stone is rolled away—they look
and quake at heart—
There are the grave clothes scattered round: the
napkin wrapped apart;
The sinner's dead, but in His stead, One of seraphic
mien
Sits smiling over the mangled corpse of Him
they sought had been.

Why, daughters of Jerusalem, why bow ye thus
the cross?
Seek ye the man whose life-blood runs from you
accursed tree?

Let us take courage then, He has over-
come, so shall we so long
as our trust is in Him.
Through the waters rage
and swell, and though the
angels rise up and come
against us as a flood let us
in patience possess our
souls. We seek not the
living amongst the dead,
sepulchres and charnel
houses and dead men's
bones we have done with
for ever, and as our risen
Lord has overcome, so
through Him shall we, and
through the path of duty,
love and self-sacrifice may
we follow in His footsteps
even to that place He has
gone to prepare, that where
He is we may be also.

Laying aside every
weight, shall we not press
onward in this risen life,
risen with Him into new-
ness of life, the old body
of sin and evil habit laid
aside, and clothed upon
with the new body of His
richness perfected in
every good way and work.
So shall our life bring
light and life to others, in
every walk in life, in every
transaction in which we
engage shall the glories of
the risen Lord be mani-
fested forth in us, and by
it and through us shall
others that are dead in
trespasses and sins be
attracted to the better life in Jesus.
Clouds and darkness may surround us,
but the promise is true, and though at
times things may look like defeat and dis-
couragement we have an anchor sure
and safe in Him, who having suffered for
sin, rose for our justification, and being
set down at the right hand of the Father
ever more maketh intercession for us.

Chains of my heart, event I say,
I will arise and in the strength of love
every good way and work.
My Saviour's pathway to His home above.
Sore when I reach the point where earth
Miles into nothing from the remembered night,
Heaven will overcome the attraction of my birth,
I shall sink in wonder sea of light!
Till resting by the luminous Lord,
Once beyond my mortal frame for my sake,
I mark Him, how by seraph hosts adored,
He to earth's lowest case is still awake.

There were two, weeping women came—rebuke
them not this more.
The grateful heart will hover near, though all
should laugh to scorn.

They stop, the stone is rolled away—they look
and quake at heart—
There are the grave clothes scattered round: the
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He is we may be also.



WATCHING AND WAITING.



1 Tell the World He Rose

MAJOR FRANKLIN.

Time—'Twas I lit up the banner on high.

ROUSE! Rouse! The Saviour lives!

Sing of the wondrous hour when Jesus rose again to give us Resurrection power.

CHORUS.

We will tell all the world He rose.

That He lives for to conquer foes.

That we shall rise to never, never die

On the Resurrection morn.

The grave is empty here His lay.

And death has ceased its strife.

On our Resurrection way.

Our everlasting life.

Christ is our life to raise the dead.

First fruits of them that sleep;

On Christ Life death dare not tread.

On Christ Life He harvest reap.

From Death to Life with Christ we've

lived.

This Day of Life does dawn;

Christ is our inward Life and Heaven

Our Resurrection morn.

2 Rose for Me

J. ARTHUR.

Time—'Twas I lit up the banner on high.

ONCE we sunk deep in sin.

And fell did Jesus beneath my feet;

Repeating! Jesus took me in.

And made my happiness complete.

CHORUS.

He died for me, died for me,

He died for me again for me;

He died for me, died for me,

And then He rose again for me.

He died for me, died for me,

And then He rose again for me!

CHORUS.

Great was my guilt and sin and shame.

And from God's rays I did depart;

But Jesus pleaded, and His Name

Was written on my blood-washed heart.

I'll praise Him for His power to save.

And live in Calvary evermore.

Oh, eyes are buried in His grave.

I feel His Resurrection power.

3 How He Loved Us

JOSEPH PARKER.

Time—'Twas I lit up the banner on high.

JESUS died! Jesus died!

On a rough, rugged tree;

'Twas finished—'He cried:

'Now Salvation is free.

CHORUS.

How He loved us! How He loved us!

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4 The Crucifixion.

"But He was wounded for our transgressions."

A. CARSTENSON.

Time—'Twas I lit up the banner on high.

Oh, sacred land, look here the thorns.

That once were crowned for me;

That the Crown of Life might wear.

And reign in Heaven with Thee.

CHORUS.

I do believe, etc.

Oh, blessed side, that once was pierced.

From whence the blood did flow.

To cleanse my heart from every stain.

And make it white as snow.

CHORUS.

Oh, hands, that once were rudely nailed

To that accursed tree;

By faith I now take hold of them.

I know Thine leadest me.

Oh, feet that led to rescue me.

When I was sunk in sin;

That brought sweet messages of peace.

And gave me joy within.

CHORUS.

How all my life shall honour Thee.

Sufficient Thy grace is.

I'll glory only in Thy Cross.

Until I see Thy Face.

CHORUS.

Thou shalt show Salvation and raise your

voices loud.

Lift up the blood-stained banner and

tell to those around;

The conquering Son of David, lead onward

to the foe.

I'm a soldier in this Army. I'm happy all

the day.

And while I trust His mighty arm, I'll

never go astray.

Oh, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,

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7 The Better Way.

OUR faith takes hold on God for this.

Sing it out.

Four sinners shall find holy bliss.

Sing it out.

They shall return and be forgiven.

And made by Jesus fit for Heaven.

And dwell in their hearts be driven.

Sing it out.

Every doubt must disappear.

Sing it out.

And mighty faith our spirit cheer.

Sing it out.

The power of God will then come down.

Soil saved, still then our efforts crown.

To Christ be glory and renown!

Sing it out.

CHORUS.

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To that accursed tree;

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